

THE MATHEWS JOURNAL.

VOL. V.

MATHEWS C. H., VA., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

NO. 26.

L. E. MUMFORD, Pres. SANDS SMITH, Vice-Pres. J. P. NOTTINGHAM, Cash.

The L. E. Mumford Banking Co.

Paid Up Capital \$120,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$75,000

MATHEWS C. H., VA.

Solicits the accounts of firms and individuals and offers to customers every accommodation consistent with good banking.

Interest Allowed On Savings Accounts.

All Money In Vault Covered By Burglar Insurance

Hours: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.

Transportation: Schedule Norfolk-Matthews Gloucester Route.

Old Dominion Steamship Company.

Change of Schedule
Western Shore Landings

File 1193.

NORFOLK, VA., MAY 18TH, 1908

Effective Monday, May 18th: The Steamer "Mobjack" will perform service on the Norfolk and Matthews and Gloucester Route, as follows:

Monday, Wednesday and Friday	Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
Lv. Norfolk, Co's Whf 6:30 a.m.	Lv. Norfolk, Co's Whf 6:30 a.m.
Ar. Norfolk, North St. Whf 6:45 "	Ar. Norfolk, North St. Whf 6:45 "
Lv. Norfolk, Bay Line Whf 7:00 "	Lv. Norfolk, Bay Line Whf 7:00 "
Ar. Old Point 8:00 "	Ar. Old Point 8:00 "
EAST RIVER	
Lv. Philpot's Whf 10:00 "	Lv. Philpot's Whf 10:00 "
Ar. Williams' Whf 10:15 "	Ar. Williams' Whf 10:15 "
Lv. Hicks' Whf 10:30 "	Lv. Hicks' Whf 10:30 "
Ar. Digs' Whf 11:00 "	Ar. Digs' Whf 11:00 "
NORTH RIVER	
Lv. Auburn Whf 12:00 "	Lv. Auburn Whf 12:00 p.m.
Ar. Dixondale Whf 12:15 p.m.	Ar. Dixondale Whf 12:20 "
SEVERN RIVER	
Lv. Severn Whf 1:00 "	Lv. Severn Whf 1:00 "
Ar. Old Point 5:00 "	Ar. Old Point 5:00 "
Lv. Norfolk (O. D. Whf) 6:00 "	Lv. Norfolk (O. D. Whf) 6:00 "
Ar. Norfolk, North St. Whf 6:15 "	Ar. Norfolk, North St. Whf 6:15 "

Night Line.

Every Evening Between Norfolk and Richmond.

STEAMERS BERKELEY and BRANDON.

Fare First Class \$2.00 Each Way Including Berth in Stateroom.

Second Class, Including Berth, \$1.50.

Leave Norfolk 7:00 P. M. Daily including Sunday
Leave Richmond 7:00 P. M.

Main Line.

FROM NORFOLK.

Steamships Leave 7 p. m., Sunday Excepted.

Arrive in New York, 3:30 P. M., following afternoon.

Leave New York, 8:00 P. M., (Sunday excepted).

Arrive in Norfolk, 10:30 A. M., following morning.

FARE—First class, one way, \$8.00, meals and stateroom, berth included, round trip, limit thirty days, \$14.00.

TICKETS and STATEROOMS at ticket office, 109 Main Street, Opposite Atlantic Hotel, or at Company's office, on the wharf, Norfolk, Va. All schedules subject to change without notice.

C. A. EARNEST, Division Superintendent. B. L. BUGG, General Agent.

Established in 1862.

C. S. Schermerhorn & Son,

RECEIVERS, SHIPPERS, DEALERS.

Grain, Hay and Mill Feeds,

Seed Oats, Linseed Meal, Cotton Seed Meal, Gluten Feed. Also Distributors of the Purina Poultry Feeds.

127 and 129 Cheapside,

Near Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. M. S. Foster,

Dentist,

Office Over Sibley Bros'

MATHEWS C. H., VA.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 12 and 1 to 5.

DR. A. M. MARCHANT,

DENTIST

Office Over Courier Building.

All kinds of Dental Work Done

Gas Administered

Office Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5.

Eyes and Seeing.

Prof. W. D. Scott sounds a note of warning about the increasing use of the eyes for reading and the inspection of small near-by objects. This especially affects school children. Professor Scott says that the human eye was evolved for distant vision, and in its structure is relatively poorly suited for near-by vision. The increase of all sorts of printing augments the trouble every day, and "all things seem to be conspiring to make us use our eyes more and more for the very thing for which they are the most poorly adapted." There is, no doubt, much reason in this, but could the world banish its printing presses and retain its civilization?

Record Iron and Steel Exports.

Exports of iron and steel products from Eastern seaboard points during February broke all records for any single month. The total exports of steel rails, billets, beams, blooms, bars, plates, hoops, wire and pipe were 92,036 tons.

A COLLECTOR, PERHAPS.

Mrs. Benham—"A tramp stole one of my pies to-day."

Benham—"I wonder what he will do with it?"—Farmers Weekly.



OUR DOOR-YARD

No garden, dear—you understand? We could not spare the room. In that close-planted hill-side farm for what would only bloom; But mother pleaded, with a look of longing in her face: For just a little spot that flowers might brighten with their grace: So tasseled corn and bending oats and emerald spears of wheat Waved o'er the wind-swept fields, and by the door were roses sweet.

Old-fashioned roses, red and white, and pinks with spicy breath, And flaunting peonies, and vines that surely grew by faith, So fast and far their fingers green wove garlands fair and fine, Until the house beneath their touch was radiant as a shrine; And shrive it was, where loyal hearts in pure devotion met, And kindled incense fires that burn in hallowed fragrance yet.

Within the little door-yard's space, from early spring to fall, We almost had a floral clock, the passing hours to call. From snow-drops and from lilac plumes to asters braving frost, No inch of ground, no single day, we flower-lovers lost.

Ah, I've my window garden now, my ferns, my ivies green, My birds, who flash like balls of light the netted wires between, And sing, as all caged creatures do, the sweeter for the cage— But in that tiny door-yard dear I lived my golden age.

How fair it was—at sunset's hour, the western sky aflame! How calm, when o'er the glowing fields the meek-eyed cattle came! And Ben let down the bars—"Mamma! There's Daisy calling me! I'm coming. Is it possible—is that the bell for tea?"

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Good Literature

THOMAS JEFFERSON THE LOVER

BY MARY L. FOSTER.

Glancing through the vista of the long vanished past, entwined as it is with legendary lore, and filled with shadowy shapes of generations long gone to dust, one sees in fancy forms and faces which have long since faded from public view except as they look down from ancestral walls or appear as veritable apparitions out of musty records and old letters.

In recalling the fleeting memories of the long ago we are prone to overlook the sentimental phase of the distinguished personages of colonial days, and the romances of these great men come as forgotten melodies. The correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, carefully preserved for future generations, has brought to light much of the youthful romance of Virginia's talented statesman. Among his contemporaries there is not one whose love story is sweeter, purer or more beset with stony paths.

In March, 1760, he journeys from his home at Shadwell to Williamsburg, the colonial capital, and the seat of the renowned college of William and Mary, there to enter upon his career as student. He is seventeen years of age, a long, lank, red-headed youth of six feet. His eyes are blue and his long nose slightly turned up. He is fond of dress, scrupulously neat in appearance and is attired in a suit of Mecklenburg silk. The old capital is the scene of much gaiety and festivity on his arrival, and he enters the social life of the college and town with the greatest enjoyment. He is fond of riding, chess, dancing and all of the sports and amusements of the day. Notable among the pretty girls who grace the assemblages, stroll through the quiet street down "lovers' lane" to the wishing tree or out toward the Indian camp with the admiring college youths, are Jennie Taliaferro, famous for her sweet voice and delightful music on the spinnet; Patzy Dandridge, Sucky Potter, Nancy Wilton, Fanny and Rebecca Burwell and a number of fair girls celebrated for their charm and beauty. Out of all this bevy of attractive femininity young Thomas Jefferson singles out the lovely and fascinating Rebecca Burwell for his most ardent admiration. This noted belle lives in a handsome manor house on the banks of the James, just seven miles from Williamsburg. When she is not visiting her gay friends in town the red-headed youth mounts his saddle horse and covers the distance to the home of his enamored one in scarcely more than an hour. When the evenings are balmy and moonlight they sit on the wide veranda overlooking the river, or perhaps on the terrace while he invokes the muses with his fiddle. During the following two years of his college life the two are constantly meeting and he loses no opportunity of giving her "many assurances of his esteem" as he quaintly expresses himself. The lovely Belinda presents him with a watch-paper of her own cutting, which he "esteems much more, though it were a plain round one, than the nicest in the world cut by other hands."

sense, is most admired. Though, to be candid, there are some who have too much good taste to esteem such monkey-like animals as these in whose formation, as the saying is, the tailors and barbers go shares with God Almighty."

Caramities came thick and fast. A voracious rat chews his pocket-book and destroys his best pair of blue silk garters. Harder to bear than either of these mishaps, the roof leaks directly over his watch and the water soaks in, hopelessly wetting his precious watch-paper. In his endeavor to rescue the cutting, his hand gives it a wrench. Relating the melancholy incident to John Page, he writes: "This, cried I, was the last stroke Satan had in reserve for me; he knew I cared not for anything else he could do to me and was determined to try this last most fatal expedient. I would fain ask the favor of Miss Rebecca Burwell to give me another." And he adds: "However, I am afraid she would think this presumption after my suffering the other to get spoiled. If you think you can excuse me to her for this I would be glad if you would ask her." As the letter continues, he writes: "You cannot conceive the satisfaction it would give me to have a letter from you. Write me very circumstantially everything which happened at the wedding. Was she there? Because if she was, I ought to have been at the devil for not being there, too." He closes with numerous messages to his friends in Williamsburg and with the request that Page "tell—tell—in short, tell them all the thousand things more than either you or I can now or ever shall think of as long as we live."

Just a year from the destruction of his much prized watch-paper his love affair assumes very serious proportions, inasmuch that on January 20, 1763, he writes from Shadwell to his bosom friend, John Page, in this wise: "How does R. B. do? Had I better stay here and do nothing or go down and do less, or in other words, had I better stay here while I am here, or go down that I may have the pleasure of sailing up the river again in a full-rigged boat? Inclination tells me to go, receive my sentence and be no longer in suspense; but reason says, if you go and your attempt proves unsuccessful you will be ten times more wretched than ever. Have you any inclination to travel, Page? Because if you have, I shall be glad of your company. For you must know that as soon as the Rebecca (the name I intended to give the vessel above mentioned) is completely finished, I intend to hoist sail and away. I shall visit particularly England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy (where I would buy me a good fiddle) and Egypt, and return through the British province to the Northward home. This, to be sure, would take us two or three years; and if we should not both be cured of love in that time, I think the devil would be in it."

By July of the same year a very formidable rival, in the shape of young Jacqueline Ambler, of James-town, lays siege to the heart of the lovely enchantress. The fact is communicated to Thomas Jefferson, who writes from Shadwell in reply: "The rival you mentioned I know not whether to think formidable or not, as there has been a great opening for him during my absence. I say has been, because I expect there is no one longer. Since you have undertaken to act as my attorney, you advise me to go immediately and lay siege in form," but he explains, "whatever assurances I may give her in private of my esteem for her or whatever assurances I may ask in return from her, depend on it they must be kept in private. Necessity will oblige me to proceed in a method which is not generally thought fair; that of treating with a ward before obtaining the approbation of her guardian. I say necessity will oblige me to it because I never can hear to remain in suspense so long a time. If I am to meet with a disappointment the sooner I know it, the more of life I shall have to wear it off; and if Belinda will not accept of my service it shall never be offered to another. That she may, I pray most sincerely, but that she will, she never gave me reason to hope."

The matter of "treating with a ward before obtaining the approbation of her guardian," seems to be a thorn in the flesh of young Jefferson, and he informs Page "this is a subject worth your talking over with her; and I wish you would, and would transmit to me your whole confab at length. I should be scared to death at making her so unreasonable a proposal as that of waiting until I returned from Britain, unless she could first be prepared for it. I am afraid it will make my chance of succeeding worse. But the event at last must be this," he sagely philosophizes, "that if she consents I shall be happy; if she does not, I must endeavor to be as much so as possible. Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of His creatures in this world; but that He has very much put in our power the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed."

In this letter he tells Page that he expects to be in the colonial capital by the first of October. (Perhaps for the purpose of continuing his law studies under the famous jurist, George Wythe, whose beautiful old home still delights the passerby in the historic town of Williamsburg.) Jefferson communicated his desire to Page to rent rooms or else to build, "no castle, though, I assure you," he writes, "only a small house, which shall contain a room for myself and another for you, and no more, unless Belinda should think proper to favor us with her company, in which case, I will enlarge the plan as much as she pleases." As he stops over in Richmond on his journey to Williamsburg he writes to William Fleming thus: "I do not like the ups and downs of a country life; to-day you are frolicking with a fine girl and to-morrow you are moping by yourself. Thank God, I shall shortly be where my happiness is less interrupted."

But were to men's plans where woman's heart is concerned, for by October 7 we find him in Williamsburg beginning a letter to John Page declaring, "In the most melancholy fit that ever poor soul was I sit down to write to you. Last night, as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda in the Apollo could make me, I never could have thought that the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I now am! I was prepared to say a great deal. I had dressed up in my own mind such thoughts as occurred to me, in as moving language as I knew how and expected to have performed in a tolerably creditable manner. But, good God! When I had an opportunity of venting them, a few broken sentences uttered in great disorder and interrupted with pauses of uncommon length were the two visible marks of my strange confusion."

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However, with his usual discriminating judgment and philosophical mind, he accepts the inevitable and a few months later, on receiving intelligence of the approaching marriage of the fascinating Rebecca to his old rival, Jacqueline Ambler, he writes from Shadwell to Will Fleming: "I have been so abominably indolent as not to have seen her since last October, wherefore I cannot affirm that I know it from herself though am as well satisfied that I know as if she had told me. Well, Lord bless her, I say! Many and great are the comforts of a single estate."

And so came the sudden ending of the youthful dream and romance of Virginia's talented statesman. It was nearly ten years before he relinquished the "comforts of a single estate" to marry the beautiful young widow, Martha Wayles Skelton. From the American Home Monthly.

A Passing Illustration.

Arthur Deerin Call tells a good story of Professor Billy Phelps, of Yale, as the popular professor of English literature is called by the boys. It seems that one of the professor's classes had indulged in a discussion of logic, and in the midst of it the Second Company, Governor's Foot Guards, marched by in gala attire, with band playing and colors flying. The class adjourned to the windows, to see the parade. After a moment of watching Professor Phelps remarked of the physique of the troops and observed dryly:

"Gentlemen, there is a first rate example of just what we have been discussing, the undisturbed middle."

—Harford Times.

The Women's Trade League is planning to see all of the 6,000,000 American working women into labor unions.

DREYFUS SHOT BY MILITARIST NEAR ZOLA'S BIER

Crime Committed Almost in Presence of French President.

SIGNS OF A ROYALIST PLOT.

Writer on Military Subjects Declares He Shot at Hero of the Dreyfus Case in Protest Against the Presence of Soldiers at Ceremony to Honor Author Who Maligned the Army.

DREYFUS' EXCITING CAREER.

Major Alfred Dreyfus, convicted in 1894 by a secret court-martial of selling military secrets to a foreign power. Publicly degraded January 4, 1895.

Imprisoned on Isla du Diabolo for two years. Move begun in November, 1897, to prove his innocence.

Major Esterhazy tried and unanimously acquitted, after being charged with forging the charges against Dreyfus.

Agitation begun by Zola's famous letter forced a second trial for the accused officer August 7, 1899. Again convicted and sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment.

Case finally presented to the Supreme Court, and after an exhaustive examination, Dreyfus was declared innocent July 12, 1906, and restored to the army.

Under Secretary of State Sarraut and M. Eugène-Emile Loefer, a duel after a fight growing out of a discussion of the case in the House of Deputies July 13, 1906.

Dreyfus given the Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor July 21, 1906.

Shot and slightly wounded by Louis Gregroris, an editor, at the national ceremony of entombing Zola's remains in the Pantheon, June 4, 1908.

Paris (By Cable).—The French capital was thrown into a state of intense excitement by an attempt to assassinate Major Alfred Dreyfus in the Pantheon. The man who tried to kill the major is Louis Antheime Gregroris, a military editor of the staff of the La France Militaire, a journal devoted to military progress. The scene of the crime was the Pantheon, and the brave officer nearly lost his life while paying homage to Zola, the great leader of his cause. Gregroris is under arrest. He was at first feared the state of the directed against President Fallieres, United States Ambassador White was not far away from Major Dreyfus when the shots were fired, but he was not in any danger.

Some 230 arrests have been made in connection with the outrage.

Emile Zola, who died in September, 1902, was 10 years ago twice sentenced to a year's imprisonment for addressing to Felix Faure, then president of France, the famous letter "J'Accuse," in which he laid bare the conspiracy in the general army staff against Major Dreyfus. Thursday his just was honored with national honors in the Pantheon, the French temple of fame, with impressive ceremonies. The proposal to give Zola glorious burial, made first in 1906, aroused in France all the dormant animosities that came out during the Dreyfus trials and the transfer of his ashes, although duly voted by the Chamber and the Senate, had to be twice postponed because of the state of public opinion. Disorder and rioting were expected and the authorities found it expedient to take measures for the preservation of peace.

The affair has created a tremendous sensation in Paris and the motive of the would-be assassin is the cause of much mystification, for Gregroris, instead of being an ordinary fanatic, such as is carried away by the political passions of the moment, is a man of mature age, having been born in 1844, and was highly esteemed in the circles where he was known. Although born of Italian parents, he has been an ardent Frenchman for years, and has written authoritatively on military subjects, enjoying close relations with many high French officers. His friends are at a loss to understand what induced him to commit such a foolhardy act, and many are disposed to question his statement that he simply shot as an individual in protest against the participation of the army in the ceremonies attending the placing of the ashes of Zola in the Pantheon.

Some do not hesitate to express the opinion that he may have been the tool of a little clan of Royalists, who, under the name of L'Action Francaise, have never ceased to insist that the Court of Cassation illegally prevented an appeal of the Dreyfus case, nor abandoned hope of seeing a revision favorable to the contentions of the Nationalists.

Predict Revolution. By the shooting of Dreyfus, they point out, the whole affair may be indirectly reopened before July, because assassination or attempted assassination must come before the Assembly Court for trial. Some color is lent to this theory by a series of remarkable articles that appeared in L'Action Francaise, from the pens of Charles Maurras and Leon Daudet, son of the poet, who are the leading spirits among the Royalist supporters of the restoration of Philippe of Orleans.

Telephone Girls Strike.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. (Special).—Angry because their view of the street below them was cut off by window shades rolling upward from the bottom, the girls employed in the exchange of the United Telephone Company at Berwick went on strike today. They declared the shutting off of the view was an unnecessary hardship which they did not mean to stand. The company is trying to fill their places.

ON ICEPACK WITH MADDOENED DOGS

Thrilling Experience of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

St. Johns, N. F. (Special).—Battling for 40 hours against a pack of hunger-maddened dogs on an ice pack off the coast of Labrador, with the temperature below zero and with only a knife to defend himself from being torn to pieces by the savage brutes, is the thrilling experience that Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the celebrated missionary-physician, has recently passed through. The story of Dr. Grenfell's escape from death is told by Capt. W. Bartlett, of the steamer Strathcona, which has just arrived here from the north. Captain Bartlett was with Commander Peary on several of his expeditions to the Arctic.

Dr. Grenfell had left Battle Harbor, Labrador, to attend several patients at another settlement 13 miles distant, and was traveling over the ice with a pack of dogs when he found himself driven off the coast by a moving ice mass. Before he realized it he was in an area covered only with broken drift ice, and before he could stop the dogs the animals had carried him into the water. The dogs attempted to climb on Dr. Grenfell's back and he was obliged to fight them before he was able to climb onto a solid piece of drift ice. The dogs also succeeded in saving themselves.

With the wind blowing a gale from the northwest, the temperature ten below zero, and night at hand, the doctor would have been frozen to death, for his clothing was saturated, but for the originally and indignantly he displayed. Taking off his skinboots he cut them in halves and placed the pieces over his back and chest to shield those parts of his body from the blast. As the wind and cold increased, when night came on he determined to kill three of the dogs to afford him more warmth and to supply the other beasts with food, fearing that becoming hungry they would tear him to pieces.

As it was they attacked him savagely, and he was bitten terribly about the hands and legs. He spent a trying night. He wrapped himself in the skin of the dead dogs, but still found it so cold that he repeatedly had to run about the ice to keep up the circulation of the blood. Hoping that next day he would be in sight of land, though the ice was fast receding from the shore, the doctor took the legs of the dead dogs and binding them together made a pole, to the top of which he attached a part of his shirt to serve as a signal, and this eventually proved to be his salvation, for the flag was seen by George Reid and others, of Locks Cove, near Bay, and they effected a rescue.

FORTUNE FOR GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Averill To Make 20,000 People Happy.

Los Angeles, Cal. (Special).—C. W. Averill, who recently inherited \$10,000,000 from an aunt in Massachusetts, declares he is going to make 20,000 or more people happy. After a visit to his old home in Farmington, Me., he will establish headquarters in a big city, where, he says, all who need help and deserve it can find it.

"I am not going to be a fool about this," he said, "but if being a fool is being deceived, occasionally all right. I have succeeded in pulling up a few hundred thousand by my own exertions, but can never spend the income of \$10,000,000."

"If a man has \$500 and needs as much more to carry out his plans and make him a success and thereby happy, I propose to give him the added \$500."

"Another thing, I am going to help bad people as well as good. The good people have churches and respectable folks to care for them, but the bad have no one but the devil and the police."

"I want to help the intemperate, the convict, the girl who has to hang her head, the man who has made a failure of himself. Lots of us cannot resist temptation."

"I have set the number I will aid at 20,000, but if I succeed in helping them I will look for 20,000 more. I suppose my headquarters will be in New York or Chicago, because I can reach farther from either of these places than any other."

Death And Life Together.

Columbus, O. (Special).—Stricken with apoplexy at the bedside of Mrs. Edward Limer, who had just brought into the world a tiny boy, Dr. R. D. Connell, usually well-known as homoeopathic physician and public-spirited citizen, breathed his last on the porch, where he had been taken in the hope that fresh air would revive him, before his wife and daughter, who had been hastily summoned, could reach his side.

His Wives Confiscated. Mequene (By Cable).—Mullal Hadid, the usurping Sultan of Morocco, has confiscated the wives of General Bagdadi and his brother and has informed them that the women will be sold unless submission is sent to him, immediately. General Bagdadi has laid the case before the Moroccan Foreign Board, which suggested that the request the intervention of the diplomatic corps.

The Yozudu Choho, a paper of Tokio, announces that it has discovered in Kosaburo Fujimatsu, a resident of the Province of Chikugo, the oldest person in the world. His age is asserted to be 170, and he has one of his great-grandchildren living with him.

Countess Tolstoy is in Moscow supervising the organization of a museum in honor of her illustrious husband. The museum will contain a great mass of letters received by the Countess, many of them being American.